



## One Choice



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### Chapter 1 by Story Wars

As we sat in the car I drifted off into a deep sleep. That is until we made it to our new home. Mark and Jack, my 12-year-old brothers, ran out of the car rushing to their room. Elizabeth, my 16-year-old older sister, sat on her iPhone face timing her friends. That leaves me, 15-year-old Margaret Harper, sitting in the car like a ghost. Some people would call me goth probably because I have burnt blonde hair, black nails, black dress, and black shoes. I wouldn't blame them for not hanging out with me, mostly because I can snap on people and I don't really talk a lot. I slowly got out the car and walked into my room. And to my surprise, the furniture was already in there. Since I'm not really a "people person", I stayed in my dark room until dinner. I ate my hearty meal, dozed off at night, and then got ready for my new school in the morning. That morning my dad pulled up in the driveway. I looked at him slowly and then finally opened the door. I could tell he was trying to be positive when he said, "Bye honey. Have a good day," in a depressed tone. I responded not really convinced, "I'll try.". I wasn't expecting people to stop and stare, but believe it or not they did. I walked past them to my locker and grabbed my books. When I closed it, a cute guy stared at me for a while, smirked, and then turned and closed his locker. Then, I walked into class and sat down thinking, **Does that mean he likes me? He was kinda cute.**

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recoiled. "Alright," I spoke in a soft voice. He smirked at me and flipped his hair. I smiled. I ACTUALLY smiled (Whoa! Rare occasion!!!). Then, I looked at the girl behind him. She was crying, her makeup was smudged, and her jacket had tear stains all over it. As I stared at her breakdown, the teacher hurriedly pulled her out of class and sent her to the counselor. After my 3rd block, we headed to lunch. I set my usual brown paper bag onto an empty table and began eating. Suddenly, out of nowhere Elizabeth, my annoying sister, came over and sat with me. "So, how's your first day been?" she asked. I responded softly, "I might have a crush." "On who?" She asked curiously. "Jake," I said even quieter. "Is he in my grade?" she asked. I responded with a snap, "Nope, mine so back off." "Sheesh you really like him?" she asked. I paused for a second and finally responded: "Maybe.". A minute later he walked by the table and sat next to me. I looked at his beautiful blue eyes and his many other handsome features. For example, he has brown hair, a blue jacket, black jeans, and white sneakers. "Hey you're that cute girl in my History class," he said smoothly. "Um...yeah. I guess I'm kinda cute," I said nervously. "A cute girl who doesn't even know she's cute. Huh," He said smirking. I took a bite of my sandwich and moved a piece of my bang out of my eye. He turned my head towards him and wiped off a piece of crust on my cheek. Out of nowhere my sister squealed, "Squee! Sorry, my little sister has a cr-" I quickly kicked her leg under the table before she could say more. "Major cramp in her arm," I quickly said. He gently took my arm and moved it around. "It seems fine," he suggested. "Thanks," I said as I glared at my sister in anger. After a few minutes of silence, I decided to make an action. I stood up, threw away my trash, and rushed toward my next class.

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